MARVEL
MYSTERY COMICS
NO. 86
10¢
WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, TORO--- ONE OF THESE MASKED PEOPLE IS A KILLER!
THE FOOLS! THEY PASSED ME RIGHT BY! THIS SPELLS THE END OF THE TORCH AND TORO!
JOIN THE TORCH AND TORO IN THE "CARNIVAL OF CRIME!"

HAVE FUN! GET LAUGHS.. AMAZE FRIENDS

So-Called ELECTRIC JOY BUZZER

Tickles and seems to shock them. The Joy Buzzer can be concealed in the palm of your hand after slipping a ring over one of your fingers. When you shake hands with anyone they touch off a mechanism that causes it to tickle, which to some seems like a shocking sensation. Only 69c. Order by No. 669.

LIARS MEDALS BARRELS OF FUN

Man, hang this medal on your friends! He president of your local Liars Club! When stories get "too tall," you'll entertain everybody with laughter when you put on the medal. Only 25c. Order by No. 548.

SQUIRT RING

Save this joke to play on your friends! Mention your new ring and as they look closely—squirt stream of water in their face! So real, so innocent looking they never suspect. Only 69c. No. 609.

POCKET ADDING MACHINE

Amazing New Midget ADDING MACHINE FITS VEST POCKET

Adds, Divides, Subtracts, Multiplies—So Simple, So Easy to Use! Does work of higher priced adding machines. Durable handsome leatherette case. Send for MIDGET ADDING MACHINE. On arrival, pay postman only $2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Test 10 days, and if you don't say it's the greatest bargain ever, return for MONEY BACK. See address below. Order by No. 141

GUARANTEED GENUINE 2½-POWER BINOCULARS

Have a close-up view of far-off events with these sensationally low-priced, all purpose, lite-weight, heavy duty, plastic binoculars. (Neck-strap with each pair.) TEST 30 DAYS AT OUR RISK and be amazed at their power and beauty or refund guaranteed. SEND NO-MONEY—pay postman $2.89 plus 20% Federal tax and postage or enclose $2.89 plus tax and we pay postage. DON'T WAIT—SUPPLY IS LIMITED—DEMAND IS GREAT, RUSH YOUR ORDER

COMB-A-TRIM

Something new! Trim your hair just like you comb your hair! Also removes hair from legs, arms, etc. Save on hair-cuts. Trim your own hair and family's too! Only 89c. Order by No. 534.

NOW BROADCAST IN YOUR HOME WITH THIS AMAZING

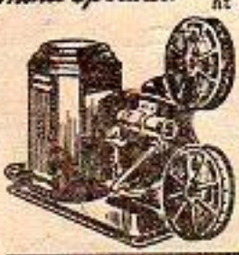
RADIO "MIKE"

Sensational new invention attaches to your radio. Speak into Mike and your own voice comes through the speaker, as if you were broadcasting! Astound your friends as your voice comes over the 'air'. No one can tell the difference unless you give the joke away! Amazing "MIKE" looks just like a real microphone. Get one today! Just $1.49. Order by number. No. 641.

16MM MOVIE PROJECTOR

Hand Operated

Show your own movies at home. Easy to use.



Safe, 100-foot film capacity. Uses regular home type electric light bulb. Wide choice film available. Use order coupon. Only $7.95. No. 808.

AMAZING NEW "TOGETHER" LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP RING

A beautiful emblem of love, friendship and good wishes. This ring is sterling silver, which becomes more attractive as it is worn. The hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated.

Send no money now, just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately. You pay postman only $2.49 plus a few cents postage, and tax on arrival. SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK.

LEARN to DANCE

Why be a lonely, unpopular wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to old favorites at home in private without teacher, music or partner. So easy even a child can learn quickly. This book should teach you in five days or no cost. See order coupon. Only $1.00.

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Make your drinking friends drool! Looks just like ordinary glass until tipped, water dribbles through slits in side! No one can detect it! Roaring laughs everytime! No. 582. Just 49c.

This amazing new gun looks and makes a noise like a real machine gun. 25 in. long. Completely SAFE. An outstanding buy that will make every real boy happy. Only $3.98. No. 980.

AMAZING *Beautiful* HORSE-SHOE RING

Mens! This handsome ring hand made, hand engraving, inlaid with simulated pearl, is a knockout! Monel metal is guaranteed for twenty years. Supply is limited. Rush your order, send no money. Price only $2.98 plus Excise tax and postage. Order by No. 200.

Now Play this New HARMONICA In 15 Minutes OR MONEY BACK

You Can Now Get This Brand New Golden-Tone Harmonica *PLUS* Simplified Course of Instruction that *Quickly* Teaches You to Play Song Hits of Every Kind for only $1.49.

If you can hum a tune you can learn to play. Not a toy, but a real musical instrument. Order No. 624.

Amazing MAGIC PENCIL

Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently on pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon!

MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER

Fill in the names and have a lot of fun fooling your friends, and "fiddling" them. It's a simulated printed Marriage License, size of the usual genuine license. Price only 15c. Ask for Marriage License Fooler. Order by No. 162.

CRAZY MIRROR

Hilarious new novelty! Distorts face into amazing shapes! Gets more laughs than anything you've ever seen. Makes new friends, amuses old! Get one today. Just 25c. Check No. 564 on coupon below.

HOW TO ORDER

Simply state item desired and price and mail your order to HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 542 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. If cash comes with order, we pay postage; if C.O.D. postage is extra. Every item is fully guaranteed and may be returned in 10 days for refund if not satisfied. If you only want a *FREE CATALOG*, write name and address on a penny postcard.

HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 542
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Send me the items I have checked below:

☐ 669	JOY BUZZER	.69
☐ 141	MIDGET ADDING MACHINE	2.98
☐ 716	BINOCULARS	2.89
☐ 534	COMB-A-TRIM	.89
☐ 641	RADIO MIKE	1.49
☐ 808	HAND OPERATED PROJECTOR	7.95
☐ 142	LIARS MEDAL	.25
☐ 609	SQUIRT RING	.69
☐ 522	FRIENDSHIP RING	2.49
☐ 117	LEARN TO DANCE	1.00
☐ 582	DRIBBLE GLASS	.49
☐ 980	MACHINE GUN	2.98
☐ 200	HORSESHOE RING	2.98
☐ 624	HARMONICA	1.49
☐ 593	MAGIC PENCIL	.49
☐ 162	MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER	.15
☐ 564	CRAZY MIRROR	.39

Due to labor conditions it is impossible to handle orders that total less than $1.00—so please make certain your order amounts to at least $1.00.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

USE THIS SPECIAL ORDER BLANK

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THE HUMAN TORCH
BEHIND THE GROTESQUE MASKS OF A CROWD OF REVELERS LIES HIDDEN THE EVIL FACE OF A MAD KILLER WHO WOULD CLAIM THE HELPLESS HOST OF THE FIESTA AS HIS VICTIM! INTO THIS INTRIGUE BLAZE THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO, IN A DARING EFFORT TO END THE HORROR OF...
"THE CARNIVAL OF CRIME!"
RSRS

LITTLE COULD THE BRAIN THAT DESIGNED THE MASK HAVE KNOWN THAT IT WAS MEANT TO BECOME AN INSTRUMENT OF MURDER!
THERE! IT'S FINISHED!
PUT IT WITH THE OTHERS, LOUISE! THEN OPEN THE DOOR FOR BUSINESS! THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE WAITING TO BUY THEIR MASKS!
YES, FATHER!
4

OUTSIDE THE MASQUER'S SHOP...
WHAT'S GOING ON, TORCH?
MUST BE SOME KIND OF CELEBRATION SHAPING UP, OR SO MANY PEOPLE WOULDN'T BE BUYING MASKS!
WHY THE MASKS? GETTING AN EARLY START FOR HALLOWE'EN?
NOTHING LIKE THAT, STRANGER! BUT GARKO'S FIESTA STARTS TONIGHT! WE ALL NEED COSTUMES FOR THE PARADE!
WHO IS GARKO?
RICHEST MAN IN THESE PARTS! HE LIVES IN THAT CASTLE ON THE HILL.... ALL ALONE, SINCE HIS WIFE DIED AND HIS STEPSON RAN AWAY!
EVERYBODY IN THE VILLAGE WORKS FOR GARKO! SOME ARE CARETAKERS OF HIS ESTATE, SOME ARE COOKS, BAKERS AND SERVANTS! I USED TO BE HIS CHAUFFEUR MYSELF UNTIL I RETIRED ON A PENSION!
NATURALLY, WE TRY TO PLEASE HIM! AND HE LIKES A REGULAR MARDI GRAS IN HIS HONOR, EVERY YEAR ON HIS BIRTHDAY!
I SEE! GARKO MUST BE QUITE A CHARACTER!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT FIESTA TONIGHT! HOW ABOUT IT, TORO?
SOUNDS GREAT! I ALWAYS DID WANT TO DRESS UP IN ONE OF THOSE MASKS!
LATER... AFTER TORCH AND TORO HAVE SECURED LODGINGS FOR THE NIGHT...
THE MASQUER SHOP IS JUST A LITTLE DISTANCE AHEAD!
I HOPE HE HASN'T CLOSED DOWN ALREADY!
B

MEANWHILE, IN THE REAR OF THE MASQUER'S SHOP...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FATHER?
I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE IN THE SHOP! BUT I CLOSED HALF AN HOUR AGO!
STAY HERE, CHILD! I'LL GO AND SEE WHO IT IS!
EH? WHO'S THERE? SPEAK UP!
YOU'RE STEALING ONE OF MY MASKS! GIVE IT TO ME!
LET GO, YOU OLD FOOL!
YOU! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! UHHHH!
THAT'S UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU!
AGHH!
BEFORE THE ECHOES OF THE SHOTS DIE, TWO FLAMING FIGURES SPEED INTO ACTION!
SHOTS! DID YOU HEAR THEM, TORCH?
SOUNDED LIKE THE SHOTS CAME FROM THE MASQUER'S SHOP!

IF ANYONE HEARD THE SHOTS, THIS MASK WILL SAVE ME FROM RECOGNITION! HA-HA! "THE MASK!" THAT'S ME!
WELL, YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE UNMASKED!
UGHHH!

THIS IS HOW I TURN THE TABLES ON PEOPLE!

YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR PRACTICALLY KILLS ME!

SO I'LL RETURN THE FAVOR AND-- PRACTICALLY KILL YOU!

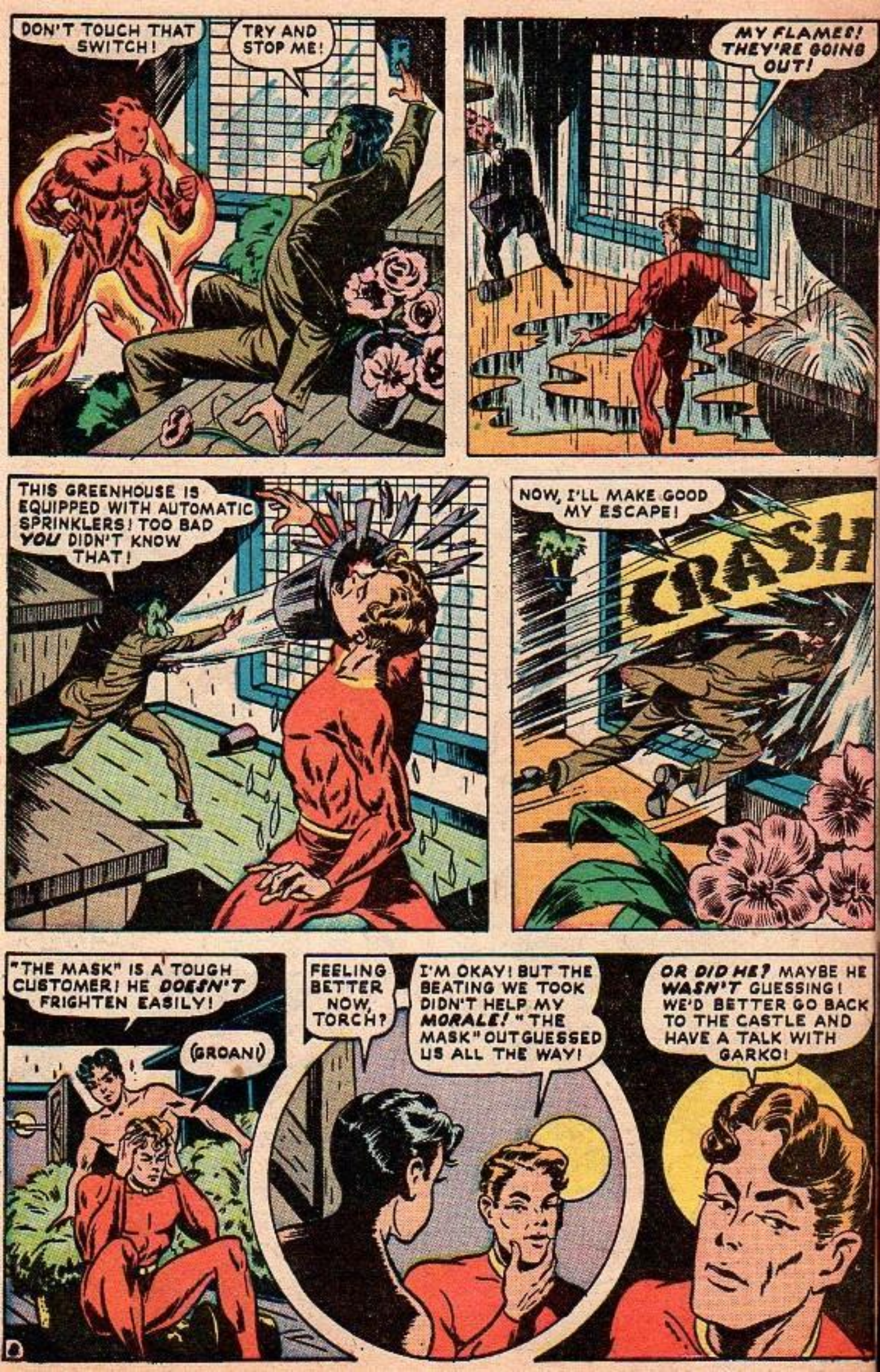
MY FATHER! YOU KILLED HIM!
NOT US, LADY!

IT WAS HIM! FLAMING HEMLOCKS! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

HE WON'T GET FAR! LET'S GRAB HIM, TORO!
RIGHT WITH YOU, TORCH!
HEY! LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE! THEY'RE ALL WEARING MASKS!
WE LOST HIM, TORCH!
THESE PEOPLE MUST BE ON THEIR WAY TO BEGIN THE FIESTA PARADE!
WE WOULDN'T KNOW HIM WITHOUT HIS MASK, AND SURELY WE CAN'T FIND HIM IN THAT CROWD!
SOON AFTER...
WE'RE VERY SORRY, MISS! I PROMISE YOU THAT WE WON'T REST UNTIL WE FIND YOUR FATHER'S KILLER!
DID HE HAVE ANY ENEMIES?
MY FATHER WAS A GOOD, KIND MAN! EVERYONE LOVED HIM...
WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO REST? YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO GO TO THE FIESTA NOW!
I MUST GO! GARKO WOULD BE FURIOUS IF ANY OF THE VILLAGERS WERE NOT IN THE FIESTA! HE'D FIND SOME WAY TO PUNISH MY FRIENDS!
HMM! SO THAT'S GARKO'S TYPE! I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING HIM!
IN THE FEUDAL CASTLE RULED BY GARKO...
THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION IS COMING THIS WAY, SIR! THERE'S A FINE VIEW FROM THIS WINDOW!
THE FIESTA BEGINS? GOOD!

THESE ARE MY LOYAL VASSALS! HEH-HEH! THEY ALL HATE ME! BUT THEY'VE NO CHOICE EXCEPT TO OBEY MY WHIMS!
IS EVERYTHING PREPARED FOR THE BANQUET? THE BEST LINENS... SILVER... ALL THE EVIDENCES OF MY WEALTH?
YES, SIR! ALL IS AS YOU ORDERED!
LET THE FOOLS DROOL WITH ENVY OVER MY POSSESSIONS! WATCHING THEIR SIMPLE-MINDED AWE IS ONE OF THE FEW SATISFACTIONS THAT REMAINS TO ME!
LATER, IN THE BANQUET ROOM OF GARKO'S CASTLE...
THE OLD BOY CERTAINLY DOESN'T SPARE THE EXPENSE!
HE'S PUTTING ON PLENTY OF DAZZLE!
I HAVE CHOSEN YOU, MY DEAR, AS FAIREST OF ALL! CUT THE CELEBRATION CAKE! LET THE FIESTA OFFICIALLY BEGIN!
Y-YES, MR. GARKO!
SUDDENLY!
THE GARKO JEWELS! THEY'RE MISSING!
WHAT?
I PUT THEM IN THE GLASS DISPLAY CASE, JUST AS YOU ORDERED! WHEN I LOOKED A FEW MOMENTS AGO, THEY WERE GONE!
DON'T LET ANYONE LEAVE THIS HOUSE! WE'LL SEARCH ALL THE GUESTS!

SECONDS LATER...
WHERE ARE WE GOING, TORCH?
THE THIEF WOULD ANTICIPATE A SEARCH! HE UNDOUBTEDLY LEFT THE CASTLE AS SOON AS HE TOOK THE JEWELS!
BUT HE DIDN'T GET MUCH OF A HEADSTART! THERE HE IS NOW!
THEY'VE SEEN ME!
IT'S THE ONE WHO KILLED THE MASK-MAKER!
I'LL LOSE THEM IN HERE! THE FOOLS — TO TRY TO STOP "THE MASK!"
WE'LL GET THE MURDERING THIEF! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS GREENHOUSE!
I SEE HIM, TORCH! BEHIND THAT PLANT!
YOU FLAMING DEVIL!
WATER WILL PUT YOU OUT!
AND THIS WILL PUT YOU OUT!
OOOF!


DON'T TOUCH THAT SWITCH!
TRY AND STOP ME!
MY FLAMES! THEY'RE GOING OUT!
THIS GREENHOUSE IS EQUIPPED WITH AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS! TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT!
NOW, I'LL MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE!
CRASH
"THE MASK" IS A TOUGH CUSTOMER! HE DOESN'T FRIGHTEN EASILY!
(GROAN)
FEELING BETTER NOW, TORCH?
I'M OKAY! BUT THE BEATING WE TOOK DIDN'T HELP MY MORALE! "THE MASK" OUTGUESSED US ALL THE WAY!
OR DID HE? MAYBE HE WASN'T GUESSING! WE'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE CASTLE AND HAVE A TALK WITH GARKO!

YOU SAY THE JEWELS WERE IN A DISPLAY CASE? IT'S STRANGE YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY KIND OF AN ALARM RIGGED!
D'YOU TAKE ME FOR AN IDIOT? OF COURSE THERE WAS AN ALARM! SOMEHOW THE THIEF MANAGED TO STEAL THE JEWELS WITHOUT SETTING IT OFF...

AND HE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE TO FIND THE AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER, IN THE GREENHOUSE! IT ALL POINTS TO ONE CONCLUSION! THE THIEF IS SOMEONE IN YOUR EMPLOY!
RIDICULOUS!

THESE CHICKEN-HEARTED FOOLS WOULDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO STEAL FROM ME! GO AWAY, AND DON'T BOTHER WITH THIS ANYMORE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR JEWELS? AREN'T YOU GOING TO TRY TO GET THEM BACK?

IT'S NOT WORTH THE BOTHER! I ONLY PUT THEM OUT FOR DISPLAY, TO IMPRESS THE STUPID COUNTRY OAFS! THE JEWELS ARE PASTE! THE REAL GARKO JEWELS ARE SAFE IN THE FAMILY VAULTS! HEH-HEH!

MEANWHILE, IN A DESERTED STABLE ON THE GARKO ESTATE...

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CASTLE...

THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION! THE THIEF COULDN'T AFFORD TO BE SEEN! HE IS SOMEONE YOUR FATHER WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED— ONE WHO SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN IN THE VILLAGE!

LATER, IN THE GRAND BALL-ROOM...
SAY, YOU'RE THE MAYOR OF THIS TOWN, AREN'T YOU?
WHY, YES! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I IDENTIFIED YOU FROM THE MASK THAT YOU BOUGHT FROM MY FATHER! THE HUMAN TORCH WISHES TO TALK WITH YOU!
CAN'T IT WAIT UNTIL LATER?

NO, IT CAN'T! IF I'M RIGHT, OUR MASKED MURDERER WILL RETURN TONIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
W-WHAT CAN I DO?

LOUISE TELLS ME YOU KNOW THE HISTORY OF EVERYONE IN THE VILLAGE! WE KNOW CERTAIN FACTS ABOUT THE MURDERER! I WANT YOU TO HELP ME IDENTIFY HIM!
I-I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU ANY INFORMATION I CAN!

AT THIS MOMENT, IN THE CASTLE'S UNDERGROUND VAULT...
THERE! I'VE CHANGED THE COMBINATION TO THE VAULT! NO ONE CAN BREAK INTO IT NOW!

I DON'T INTEND TO BREAK INTO IT! YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN IT FOR ME!
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

THE SECRET TUNNEL ENTRANCE! I KNOW THAT AS WELL AS YOU DO, GARKO! CAN'T YOU GUESS WHO I AM?
THAT VOICE! NO!...NO, IT CAN'T BE!
IT IS, GARKO!
HELP—OHHH!
QUIET! OR YOU'LL DIE SOONER THAN I INTENDED!
MEANWHILE...
HURRY, TORO! I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS NOW!
WHERE ARE WE HEADING?
THE FAMILY VAULTS! THAT'S WHERE OUR KILLER WILL SHOW UP!
I HEARD SOMEONE CRY OUT! ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT METAL DOOR!
CAN'T WAIT TO FIND OUT HOW IT OPENS! WE'LL BURN OUR WAY THROUGH!
HERE HE IS! "THE MASK!"
HE'S ROBBING THE VAULT!

LATER, WHEN THE POLICE HAVE GONE...

GARKO'S STEPSON WAS DRIVEN AWAY BY THE OLD MAN'S CRUELTY! DISINHERITED, HE KNEW THAT HIS ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING THE MONEY HE NEEDED DESPERATELY WAS TO STEAL IT!
THAT'S WHY HE KNEW SO MUCH ABOUT THE GREENHOUSE AND THE SECRET TUNNEL! IT WAS HIS FAMILIARITY WITH GARKO'S ESTATE THAT HELPED US TO IDENTIFY HIM, WITH THE MAYOR'S HELP!

THE FIESTA IS OVER! THE VILLAGERS ARE RETURNING TO TOWN!
THE SONGS AND LAUGHTER HAVE ENDED! NO MAN CAN TELL WHAT SORROWS ARE HIDDEN BEHIND ALL THOSE PAINTED MASKS
THE END

1948 DELUXE MODEL
Columbia
Since 1877— America's FIRST Bicycle
Exclusive Columbia Precision Frame
Famous New Departure Coaster Brake
Full-Protection Airflow Chainguard
Exclusive Built-In Parking Stand
Bright Chrome Electric Headlight
Bright Chrome Fork Truss Rods
Torrington Rust-Resistant Steel Spokes
Long-Wearing U.S. Royal Chain Tires with Airtite Tubes

WIN ONE OF THESE 1,000 Columbia BIKES!

JUST NAME YOUR BIKE!

FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES. Pick a name for the bike you hope to win. You might choose the name "Red Racer" or "Road Champ." (Just examples, of course.) It's easy. It's fun. You'll think of many names. First name that pops into your head may win you a genuine Columbia bicycle! 1,000 new 1948 models offered in this sensational prize contest.

1,000 CHANCES TO WIN!

SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES. Eat lots of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each "Name-Your-Bike" entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, 1948. Hurry! Jot down some names right now! Mail an entry today! Now!

EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST RULES:

1. Name the bike you hope to win. Print the name. Add your own name and complete address. Attach a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties, Box No. 1300F, Minneapolis, Minn. 2. Enclose a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. 3. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Feb. 29, received by March 22, 1948. 4. Entries judged on originality, uniqueness and suitability. Decision of three judges —faculty members of U. of Minn.—final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. 5. Entries become property of General Mills. None will be returned. 6. Contest open to all residents of U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Westfield Mfg. Co., and their advertising agencies.

30 days after closing date, complete list of winners' names will be forwarded upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 480, at 623 Marquette, Minneapolis 2, Minn.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

WHEATIES,
BOX 1300F, MPLS., MINN.

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Columbia bicycle I hope to win is: PLEASE PRINT

BIKE NAME:.....

My Name.....

Street Address.....

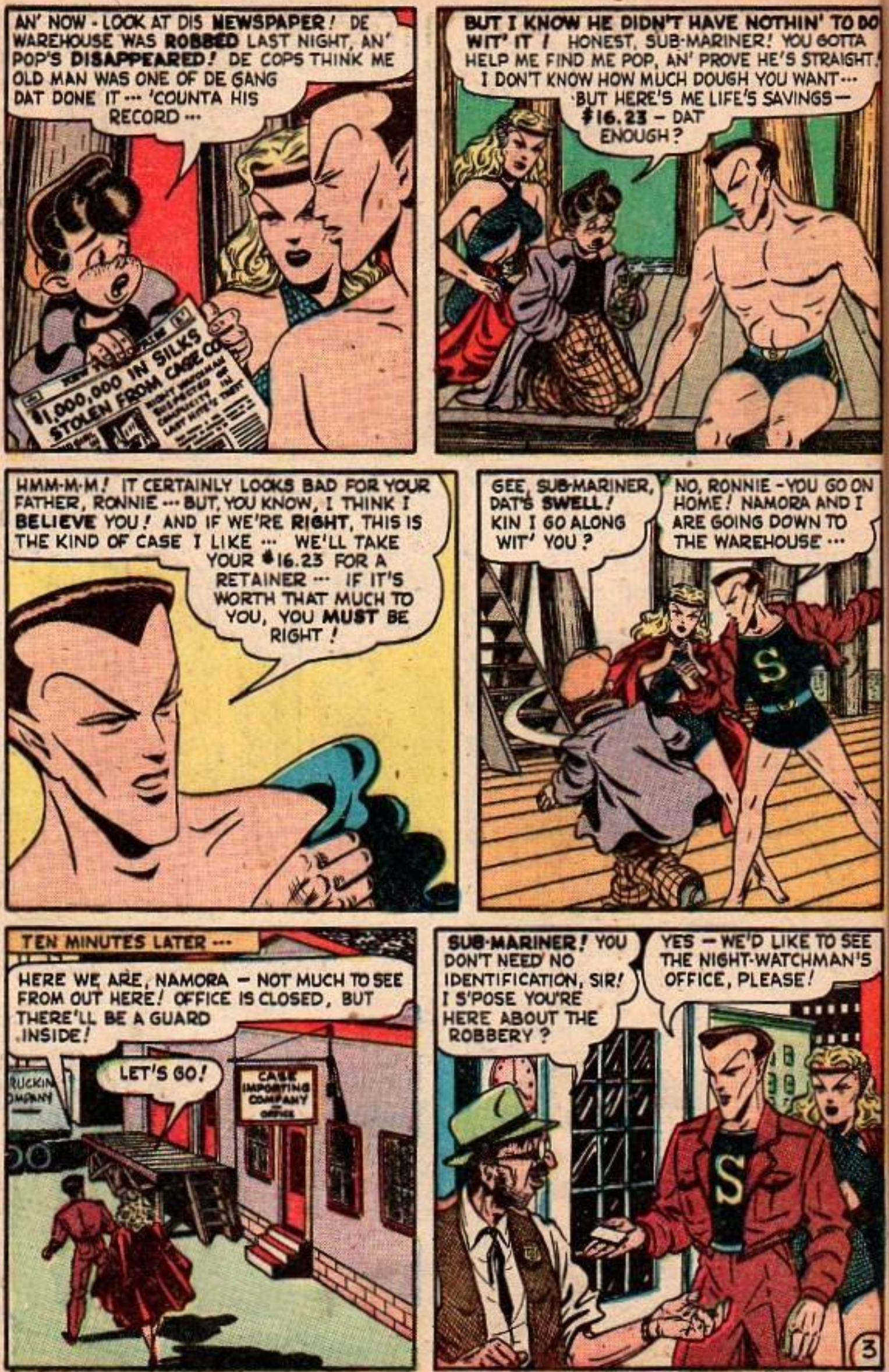
City..... State.....

IMPORTANT:
Check model you want: ☐ BOY'S (Bright Red) ☐ GIRL'S (Teal Blue)

BREEDING CRIME, THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK PROVIDE THE LOCALE FOR A VICIOUS GANG OF THIEVES! FIGHTING TO SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN AND TO JUSTIFY A SMALL BOY'S FAITH, ***SUB-MARINER*** AND ***NAMORA*** FOLLOW THESE TREACHEROUS CRIMINALS INTO THEIR OWN TERRITORY, AS THEY STRIVE TO SOLVE...

The CASE *of the* "DISAPPEARING WATCHMAN!"

ON NEW YORK'S DINGY WATERFRONT ---
HEY, MISTER! WHERE'S D' SUB-MARINER HANG OUT, HEY? QUICK - I GOTTA FIND 'IM!
OVER YONDER, KID!
MISTER SUB-MARINER! HEY--- GOSH! OH GOSH! GEE, I'M GLAD I FOUND YOUSE! I GOTTA HAVE HELP, MISTER --- YOUSE GOTTA HELP ME!
COME OVER HERE, SONNY --- WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE?
NAME'S RONNIE DOWELL, SIR --- ME AN' ME OLD MAN'S GOT A HOUSE-BOAT --- HE'S "BLINKER" DOWELL, WATCHMAN AT D' CASE IMPORTIN' COMP'NY WAREHOUSE --- BUT HE'S DISAPPEARED! I'M SKEERED HE'S IN TROUBLE, SIR --- HE DONE A STRETCH IN D' PEN --- HE WAS FRAMED --- AN' ---
"---DEY LET 'IM OUT ON PAROLE LAST MONTH ---"
FIVE DOLLARS AND A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES, DOWELL! GOOD-BY AND GOOD LUCK!
THANK YOU, WARDEN! I'LL NEED IT!
"---HE COME RIGHT HOME TO D' HOUSEBOAT ---"
YES, RONNIE, IT'S GOOD TO BE FREE AGAIN --- AND I SWEAR, ON YOUR MOTHER'S SACRED MEMORY, THAT I'LL GO STRAIGHT FROM NOW ON!
GEE, POP, DAT'S SWELL!
"---NEXT DAY, ONE OF POP'S FRIENDS, A COP, GOT 'IM A JOB IN D' WAREHOUSE, AS WATCHMAN ---"
WELL, MIKE, WE GOT A POLICY AGAINST EX-CONS, BUT IF YOU SAY DOWELL'S OKAY -- HE'S HIRED!
FINE
2


AN' NOW - LOOK AT DIS NEWSPAPER! DE WAREHOUSE WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT, AN' POP'S DISAPPEARED! DE COPS THINK ME OLD MAN WAS ONE OF DE GANG DAT DONE IT --- 'COUNTA HIS RECORD ---
$1,000,000 IN SILKS STOLEN FROM CASE CO
BUT I KNOW HE DIDN'T HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WIT' IT! HONEST, SUB-MARINER! YOU GOTTA HELP ME FIND ME POP, AN' PROVE HE'S STRAIGHT! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH DOUGH YOU WANT--- BUT HERE'S ME LIFE'S SAVINGS— $16.23 — DAT ENOUGH?
HMM-M-M! IT CERTAINLY LOOKS BAD FOR YOUR FATHER, RONNIE --- BUT, YOU KNOW, I THINK I BELIEVE YOU! AND IF WE'RE RIGHT, THIS IS THE KIND OF CASE I LIKE --- WE'LL TAKE YOUR $16.23 FOR A RETAINER --- IF IT'S WORTH THAT MUCH TO YOU, YOU MUST BE RIGHT!
GEE, SUB-MARINER, DAT'S SWELL! KIN I GO ALONG WIT' YOU?
NO, RONNIE - YOU GO ON HOME! NAMORA AND I ARE GOING DOWN TO THE WAREHOUSE ---
TEN MINUTES LATER ---
HERE WE ARE, NAMORA — NOT MUCH TO SEE FROM OUT HERE! OFFICE IS CLOSED, BUT THERE'LL BE A GUARD INSIDE!
LET'S GO!
CASE IMPORTING COMPANY
SUB-MARINER! YOU DON'T NEED NO IDENTIFICATION, SIR! I S'POSE YOU'RE HERE ABOUT THE ROBBERY?
YES — WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN'S OFFICE, PLEASE!
3

THIS IS IT, SIR! THE COPS GAVE IT A ONCE-OVER-LIGHTLY THIS MORNING ···
I WONDER ··· DID THEY SEE THIS BULLET-HOLE ? LOOK FOR AN EMPTY CARTRIDGE CASE, NAMORA!
I CAN'T FIND --- WAIT! HERE'S A — THIS IS IT, NAMOR! A SMALL-CALIBER AUTOMATIC SHELL ··· IN THE TRASH-BASKET!
GOOD! LET'S HAVE A LOOK, GIRL ···
HMM! THIS IS FROM A JAPANESE ARMY PISTOL! PROBABLY A WAR SOUVENIR ··· WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA, NAMORA! LET'S FIND THE NEAREST GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT AGENCY ···
WHILE I'M CHECKING VETERANS' APPLICATIONS, YOU PHONE THE POLICE FOR A LIST OF VETS WHO HAVE REGISTERED JAPANESE FIREARMS ··· BUT HURRY!
BE WITH YOU IN TEN MINUTES!
STATE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - VETERANS' SERVICE
ENTRANCE
THIS IS A MASTER-LIST FROM THE CENTRAL OFFICE, SIR ··· SHOWS APPLICANTS AND THEIR PRESENT EMPLOYERS!
··· AND HERE'S THE LIST OF REGISTERED WEAPONS FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT ···
WHAT LUCK! HERE'S A NAME COMMON TO BOTH! JAMES STENCHLY - REGISTERED JAP GUNS - EMPLOYED BY THE TRANSIT TRUCKING COMPANY, LOWER EAST SIDE — LET'S GO, NAMORA! THIS MAY BE OUR MAN!
REGISTRY OF FIREARMS
JAMES STENCHLY
4

ISN'T THIS PLAYING AN AWFUL LONG-SHOT, NAMOR? AFTER ALL ···
IT'S ONE OF MY HUNCHES, NAMORA — AND WE'RE GOING TO PLAY IT WITH A MASQUERADE! ··· HEY — TAXI!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN NAMOR'S HIDE-OUT ···
WE'LL PASS FOR A COUPLE OF UNEMPLOYED TRUCK DRIVERS — AND REMEMBER ··· YOU'RE A MAN NOW!
OKAY, BUD — I GOTCHA!
HERE WE ARE ··· DON'T LOOK VERY BUSY, DO THEY? WELL ··· LET'S GO IN!
HOPE THEY CAN USE US, BUT ··· I'M A LITTLE LEERY, NAMOR!
WELL - WHAT DO YOU WANT, BUDDY?
ME AN' ME KID BRUDDER ARE "VAN-JOCKEYS", MISTER ··· WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR WOIK!
YEAH!
SORRY, GUY — WE AIN'T HIRIN' NOBODY TODAY ··· SCRAM!
LISTEN, MISTER, WE GOTTA WOIK! WE'RE BOTH BUSTED, AN' ··· AN' ··· AN' IN TROUBLE!
YEAH!
OH-HO! COP-TROUBLE, MAYBE? UH-HUH! WELL, WELL, WELL! I'D OUGHTA TURN YOUSE IN, BUT IT JUST HAPPENS ··· CAN YOUSE HANDLE A 4-TON JOB? GOOD! GO OUT BACK AN' TELL LOUIE I SAID TO PUT YOUSE ON D' NIGHT-SHIFT ··· STARTIN' NOW!
YEAH!
5

SO FAR, SO GOOD, NAMORA --- LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THESE TRUCKS BEING IDLE! I WONDER ---
HEY - YOU!
HUH - WHO'S DESE MUGS?

WHICH ONE O' YOUSE GUYS IS LOUIE? D'BOSS SAYS ME AN' ME BRUDDER GONNA MAKE D'NIGHT RUN --- I'M "FISHY" McGOON, AN' DIS IS JACK --- WHERE'S OUR HEAP?
YEAH!

JES' A MINNIT, BUB! I'M LOUIE --- BUT HOWDA I KNOW DIS IS ON D' LEVEL?
IT'S OKAY, LOUIE --- I HEERED DE OLD MAN TELL 'EM... DEY'RE HOT!

OH! ON D'LAM, EH? WELL - WE GOTTA BE KEERFUL --- DIS HERE'S YER HEAP, McGOON - AN' SHE'S A FIREBALL! BE READY TO TAKE OFF AT TEN O'CLOCK, SHARP, TONIGHT — AN' KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT ABOUT IT!
SURE, LOUIE!
TRANSIT TRUCKING CO.

WE'LL BE HERE - AN' WE GOT REASON NOT TO SHOOT OUR MOUTHS OFF! WE'LL FIND A ROOM, NOW, AN' GET SOMETHIN' T' EAT ---
YEAH!
AND MAKE A STRATEGIC PHONE-CALL!

--- AND AT EXACTLY TEN P.M. ---
ALL SET? WHEN YOU GET TO VARNEY STREET, DOUSE YOUR LIGHTS, AN' GO SLOW --- LAST GUY MADE THIS RUN GOT BUMPED, SO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN --- GOT IT?
YEAH!

GOLLY, NAMOR! I THINK WE'RE BEING MADE STOOGES FOR —— ???
HOLD IT, McGOON!!! PULL OVER TO D' COIB!
HUH?

WITH A SCREECH OF BRAKES, THE VAN STOPS IN A DARK STREET--
WHAT'S UP, BUD? WHAT ARE YOU··· ?
MOVE OVER, KID! I'M RIDIN' IN FRONT WIT' YOUSE!
TRANSIT TRUCKING CO.

YOUSE'RE TAKIN' ORDERS FROM ME, NOW — SEE? TOIN DOWN DELANCY STREET, AN' DON'T TRY NO FUNNY STUFF --- DIS IS ALL PART OF YER RUN, AN' YOUSE'RE BOTH IN IT WIT' D' REST OF US! NOW — DO LIKE I TOLD YOUSE!
SURE, PAL!

JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! A JAP PISTOL!!!
PUT D' ROD AWAY — STENCHLY! WE AIN'T GONNA TRY ANYT'ING! YER NAME IS STENCHLY, AIN'T IT?
WHAT???

YEAH — DAT'S ME NAME··· BUT HOW DID YOUSE —— ? NEVER MIND — HEY! TURN IN HERE! DOUSE YER GLIMMERS, AN' BACK UP TO DAT LOADIN' PLATFORM — QUIET!!!
OKAY, STENCHLY! HOLD ON!

---AS THE TRUCK SILENTLY STOPS, THE REAR DOORS BURST OPEN, AND···
COVER DE INTERSECTION, MIKE!
LET'S GO!
YOUSE TWO STAY IN DE CAB — SEE?
7.

HEY, YOU!
WHAT TH—?
U-UG-GGGH!
DA WATCHMAN! I GOT 'IM!!!
COME ON, YOU MUGS — START LOADIN' DESE BOLTS O' SILK!

AT THE SAME INSTANT ---
WHEEEEEEEEEEE
COPPERS!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, MIKE!

YEE-E-EEOW!
THAT DID IT! GIVE 'EM ANOTHER BELLY-FULL, FER GOOD MEASURE!
CRASHA!

WIND 'ER UP, McGOON! D'BOYS 'RE PILIN' IN D'BACK --- WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO FINISH DIS JOB!
GOOD! THEY DON'T SUSPECT!

STEP ON IT, NOW! IF DOZE FLATFOOTS USED DERE RADIO, DERE'LL BE ANUDDER LOAD OF 'EM ALONG IN A MINNIT --- HEAD FER BROOKLYN, McGOON — AN' HIGHBALL IT! WE GOT A HIDEOUT ON D' RIVER ---
OKAY, STENCHLY! HOLD YER HAT!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER ---
OKAY — TURN IN HERE! WE'LL HOLE UP FER D' NIGHT, AN' RE-PAINT D'SIGNS ON D'TRUCK, AN' CHANGE D' LICENSE-PLATES --- YOUSE GUYS CAN GET SOME SHUT-EYE, OKAY?
YEAH!

HEY! WHO'S DE OLD GEEZER WIT' DE ROPES? A COPPER?
'BOUT TIME YOUSE JOIKS GOT HERE!
HIM - A COPPER? HO-HO!

DIS HERE'S BLINKER DOWELL, McGOON! USETA BE ONE O' DA BOYS TILL HE DONE A STRETCH IN D' PEN --- WOULDN'T COME BACK WIT' US --- WE FOUND 'IM WATCHMAN AT D' CASE COMP'NY WAREHOUSE, AN' SNATCHED 'IM WIT' D' BOODLE --- HE'S GONNA TAKE D' RAP FER US IF D' COPS GET WISE!

IF YOUSE GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT TAKIN' A POWDER, JES' REMEMBER - YER IN DIS DEAL JES' AS DEEP AS DE REST OF US! YOUSE CAN SLEEP IN HERE!
OKAY, STENCHLY! DON'T WORRY. 'BOUT US --- WE AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE - (YET!)

--- BUT - TWO HOURS LATER ---
COME ON, NAMORA - THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP! YOU WON'T NEED YOUR DISGUISE ---
BE CAREFUL, NAMOR - I THINK BLINKER'S GUARD IS STILL AWAKE!

WE'LL SOON TAKE CARE OF THAT! GET THIS JOKER'S KNIFE, NAMORA, AND CUT BLINKER FREE!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, HURRY! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL --- !
THANK THE LORD! I DIDN'T THINK --- WAIT! LISTEN! SOMEONE'S COMING!

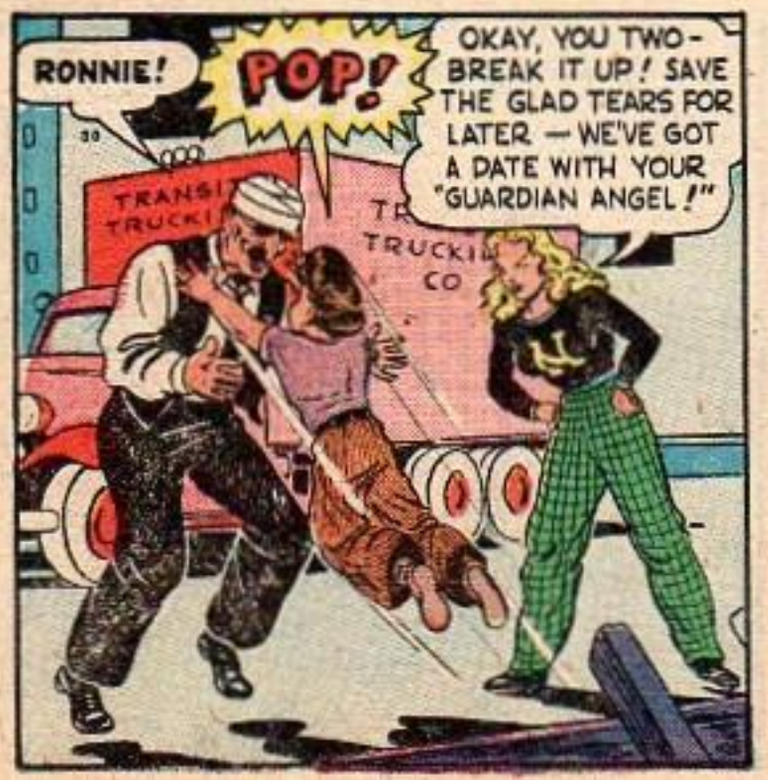
OUT THE DOOR, QUICK! BOTH OF YOU! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY!
HEY - WOT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE ???
GET A MOVE ON, BLINKER!
CLICK!
SMASH !!!
YOU SHOULDN'T PUT THE LIGHTS ON, BUTCH - YOU MIGHT RECOGNIZE US! BESIDES - IT HURTS MY EYES!
THAT SHOT WOKE THE REST OF THEM UP — JUMP IN THE TRUCK, KIDDIES! I CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF FOREVER!
I'LL DRIVE! GET IN THE OTHER SIDE, BLINKER!
SORRY, BUTCH - THIS'LL HAVE TO BE MY PARTING SHOT! BYE-BYE!
WHY, YOUSE DIRTY —! UGH!
GIVE HER THE GUN, NAMORA — BUT SLOW DOWN AT THE BRIDGE — I'M NOT THROUGH WITH THOSE MUGS!
I'M GLAD THOSE COPS WEREN'T KILLED! BUT THEY WERE BADLY SHOT UP!
WE WERE OUTNUMBERED IN ANY CASE, NAMORA - HERE — SLOW DOWN! I'LL GET OFF AT THIS CORNER — GO ON BACK TO NEW YORK — YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! MEET ME IN AN HOUR AT THE FULTON STREET PRECINCT STATION!
10.

PARDON THE INTRUSION, BOYS – BUT I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU ··· GET THIS CRATE ROLLING, AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE MUGS THAT KNOCKED OFF YOUR NEW YORK BUDDIES A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO! BUT STEP ON IT!
WELL, I'LL BE ——!!!
POLICE

SUB-MARINER! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! CALL HEADQUARTERS, CASEY!
TELL THEM TO SEND THE WAGON — GIVE THEM DIRECTIONS AS WE GO ALONG — THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!

MEANWHILE ···
I STILL DON'T SEE HOW YOU AND THE SUB-MARINER FOUND ME, MISS ——?
NAMORA ··· NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS NOW, BLINKER — HERE'S YOUR HOUSEBOAT!

RONNIE! RONNIE DOWELL! WHERE ARE YOU ???
RONNIE! MY SON! MY BOY!
HUH?


RONNIE!
POP!
OKAY, YOU TWO – BREAK IT UP! SAVE THE GLAD TEARS FOR LATER — WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH YOUR "GUARDIAN ANGEL!"
TRANSIT TRUCKI
TRUCKIN CO

THE WAGON'S ON THE WAY, NAMOR — IS THIS THE ——?
THERE THEY ARE, LADS! BLIND THEM WITH THE SPOTLIGHT — AND LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOUR MARKSMANSHIP IS!

THREE MINUTES LATER ···
OKAY – OKAY, FLATFOOT! WE'RE DONE!
THE WAGON'S HERE – PICK UP YOUR PALS, AND CLIMB ABOARD, YOU RATS!

NAMORA KEEPS HER DATE ···
GOOD GIRL, NAMORA! LOOK UP THE RECORD OF JAMES STENCHLY, SERGEANT, AND SEND A SQUAD TO PICK UP ALL THE EMPLOYEES OF THE TRANSIT TRUCKING COMPANY!
INSIDE, YOU! YOU'LL BE BOOKED LATER!

STENCHLY WAS COURT-MARTIALLED AND CONVICTED OF DESERTION IN THE PACIFIC, NAMOR – ESCAPED FROM THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, BUT LATER CAUGHT – THEN RELEASED ON PAROLE FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR! HE'S FINISHED NOW, THOUGH!

WELL, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE SOLVED A ROBBERY, KIDNAPPING, AND MURDER, NAMOR – THANKS TO YOUR LUCKY HUNCHES!
GOSH, MISTER SUB-MARINER – HOW KIN I EVER T'ANK YOUSE FER CLEARIN' ME POP?

THE FOLLOWING DAY ···
YOU CAN THANK US BY GOING TO SCHOOL, AND LEARNING TO BE A GOOD, HONEST CITIZEN, RONNIE ···
BUT, GEE – HOW CAN I? I GOTTA WOIK!
YOU'LL SEE, RONNIE – IN JUST A MINUTE!

HOKEY SMOKEY! GOSH! GEE! WOW!!! OH GOLLY!
IT'S ALL YOURS, RONNIE! YOUR SIXTEEN DOLLARS HELPED TO BUY IT – NOW YOU CAN GO TO SCHOOL AND MAKE MONEY TOO!
YOU AND YOUR DAD ARE REAL PARTNERS, NOW!
RONNIE'S NEWSSTAND
READ CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE END

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

2781

"NOT-SO-PERFECT ALIBI!"

IT WAS ABOUT HALF HOUR AGO—THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR! LYDIA, MY WIFE, ANSWERED! TWO MASKED MEN ENTERED! LYDIA STARTED TO SCREAM, WHEN THEY HIT HER OVER THE HEAD! I HEARD THEM SAY SHE WAS DEAD! I WAS TIED UP AND GAGGED! THEY LEFT WITH LYDIA'S JEWELS!

LATER...
OKAY, YOU WIN! I KILLED HER ALL RIGHT! WE HAD AN ARGUMENT—I STRUCK HER—SHE FELL, AND HER HEAD HIT THE CORNER OF THE TABLE! SHE WAS DEAD! I HAD TO THINK QUICK, AND THE STORY I TOLD YOU WAS MY ALIBI! BUT WHERE DID I SLIP UP!
YOU SAID YOU CALLED US WHILE YOU WERE TIED! BUT YOU FORGOT THAT IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO USE A DIAL PHONE WITH YOUR HANDS TIED TIGHTLY BEHIND YOUR BACK!

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Maria Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. MC-3
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

CAPTAIN AMERICA

ONCE UPON A TIME, ON MOUNT OLYMPUS, THERE DWELT THE GREAT GOD JUPITER, HURLING LIGHTNING BOLTS IN HIS WRATH! AND WITH HIM LIVED JUNO, QUEEN OF GODDESSES! IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE A MYTHICAL FAIRY TALE, DOESN'T IT? BUT IT IS NO FAIRY TALE TO **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY**, AS JUPITER AND JUNO, REINCARNATED FROM THE DEAD PAST, ONCE AGAIN STALK THE EARTH IN LEAGUE WITH MODERN CRIME! THREATENED BY FRIGHTFUL THUNDERBOLTS, THE CRIME-SMASHING PAIR BATTLES ITS WAY THROUGH FIRE, AS IT ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF...

"The LIGHTNING CULT!"

IN THE APARTMENT OF STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES...

NO REST FOR A WEARY SCHOOL TEACHER, KID! I'LL HAVE TO CORRECT THESE TEST PAPERS!
DON'T MIND ME, STEVE! I'LL JUST READ THROUGH THE EVENING PAPER AND SEE WHAT'S NEW IN THE WORLD!

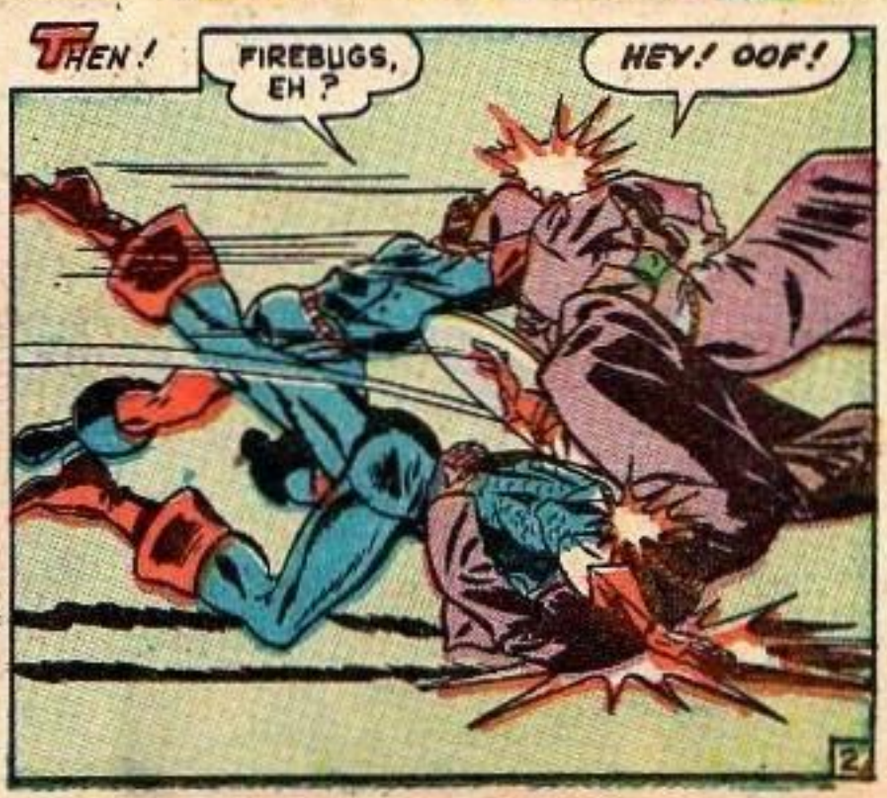
GOSH, STEVE! THOSE MYSTERIOUS FIRES ARE STILL GOING ON! WONDER WHO THE FIREBUG IS?
SERIES OF FIRES THROUGH CITY CONTINUES
OLYMPUS CULT HELD CEREMONIES OUTSIDE

HOLY SMOKE, STEVE—LOOK! ANOTHER FIRE DOWN THE STREET!

A FLASHING CHANGE, AND...
COME ON, KID! WHOEVER THE FIREBUG IS, THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO NAB HIM!

MEANWHILE, TWO STRANGE FIGURES STAND BEFORE THE BURNING BUILDING, AND...
ONE MORE LIGHTNING BOLT WILL RAISE THE FIRE TO FULL FURY, JUPITER!
YES, JUNO!

NOW IS THE TIME TO GO IN BEFORE FIREMEN AND POLICE ARRIVE!


THEN!
FIREBUGS, EH?
HEY! OOF!
2

WOW! LOOK AT THE COSTUMES ON THESE TWO! GOING TO A MASQUERADE?
FOOLS! I AM THE INCARNATION OF JUPITER, GOD OF LIGHTNING!
AND I AM JUNO, GODDESS OF FLAME!

DESPITE THE PROTECTION OF CAP'S SHIELD, THE WITHERING BLAST SENDS THEM REELING...

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT MUST BE MY EYES!
I SAW THE SAME THING, BUCKY! THEY MARCHED RIGHT INTO THE BURNING BUILDING, IGNORING THE FLAMES!

BACK, BUCKY! WE CAN'T FOLLOW THEM INTO THAT BLAZING INFERNO! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE FIRE DEPARTMENT TO CONTROL THE BLAZE BEFORE WE CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY!

HOURS LATER, WHEN THE FIREMEN HAD DONE THEIR WORK...

BUT AFTER A DILIGENT SEARCH...

HMM! IN EACH OF THESE PREVIOUS FIRES, A SAFE LIKE THIS WAS FOUND WRECKED AND EMPTY! BUT LOOK, BUCKY—THIS SAFE WAS BLOWN OPEN AND THE MONEY TAKEN OUT!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT! THE FIRES ARE JUST A COVER-UP FOR THE ROBBERIES! WHAT'S EASIER THAN ROBBING A SAFE WHILE FIRE KEEPS EVERYBODY AWAY?
BOY, THAT'S A NEW ONE!

THE NEXT DAY, STEVE CONSULTS AN ENCYCLOPEDIA...
"JUPITER, ANCIENT ROMAN GOD, WHO HURLED LIGHTNING BOLTS! JUNO, ANCIENT GODDESS! BOTH DWELLING ON MOUNT OLYMPUS!"
OLYMPUS!
I'VE GOT IT! I SAW THAT NAME YESTERDAY IN THE PAPERS! THERE'S AN OLYMPUS CULT HOLDING CEREMONIES OUTSIDE OF TOWN!
HMM! WE'LL BE THERE, TONIGHT, BUCKY!
THAT NIGHT...
THERE'S THE CEREMONY TAKING PLACE!
AND JUPITER AND JUNO LEADING IT!
HEY, YOU! SCRAM! NO SNOOPING!
WE BEG TO DIFFER!
WE'LL PUT ON THEIR COSTUMES, BUCKY, AND JOIN THE CEREMONY!
RIGHT, CAP! WE'LL GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS GAME!
A WEIRD CEREMONY BEGINS!
LIGHTNING, STRIKE! THE RING BURNS! ENTER THE CAVE OF OLYMPUS, AND DO NOT BE AFRAID OF THE FLAME!

HOLY MACKEREL! THEY'RE ALL GOING THROUGH THE BURNING RING!
WE'VE GOT TO DO IT TOO, KID! KEEP YOUR NERVE!
I DIDN'T FEEL A THING!
I THOUGHT SO!
YOU SEE, BUCKY—THESE OUTFITS ARE MADE OF ASBESTOS! THAT'S WHY THE FLAMES DIDN'T TOUCH US!
WRONG, CAPTAIN AMERICA! THOSE SUITS ARE MADE OF SOMETHING BETTER THAN ASBESTOS! IT'S A FIRE-PROOF PLASTIC!
WE'RE EXPOSED!
SURE, FOOLS! DON'T YOU THINK WE CAN COUNT? WE KNEW THERE WERE TWO EXTRA CULTISTS!
OKAY, WE'RE TRAPPED! SO HOW ABOUT UNMASKING YOURSELVES? YOU TWO AREN'T ANCIENT GODS!
YOU'RE RIGHT—WE'RE ARSON ANDY AND ANN! WE GOT TEN YEARS FOR ARSON ONCE! BUT AFTER GETTING OUT OF STIR, WE DECIDED TO PLAY SMART!
SO YOU USED ARSON AS A COVER-UP FOR ROBBING SAFES! THE VICTIMS THOUGHT THEIR MONEY BURNED! AND THIS CULT STUFF WAS JUST A WAY OF TRAINING YOUR MEN TO GO THROUGH FIRE!

RIGHT, WISE-GUY! BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT— MY LIGHTNING BOLTS! NOW YOU BOTH GET IT— FULL BLAST!

YOU MEAN YOUR FLUNKIES GET IT! DOWN, BUCKY!

NOW FOR YOU, PAL!
AND I'VE GOT ARSON ANN!

HERE'S HOW HE SHOT OUT THE "LIGHTNING", BUCKY! IT'S JUST A GOOD OLD ROMAN CANDLE LIKE THEY MAKE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY! A LITTLE EXTRA FIZZ IN THE POWDER, AND IT LOOKED LIKE LIGHTNING!
SO THAT'S HOW HE STARTED ALL THE FIRES TOO!

BUT HOW DID THEY GET THE STOLEN MONEY OUT OF THE BURNING BUILDING?
SIMPLE ENOUGH! THEY STUFFED IT IN FIRE-PROOF, PLASTIC SACKS!

MIGHT AS WELL USE THE REST OF THIS ROMAN CANDLE! COME ON, GET GOING ALL OF YOU! AND WE'RE GOING TO JAIL, NOT OLYMPUS!
THE END

BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference— Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

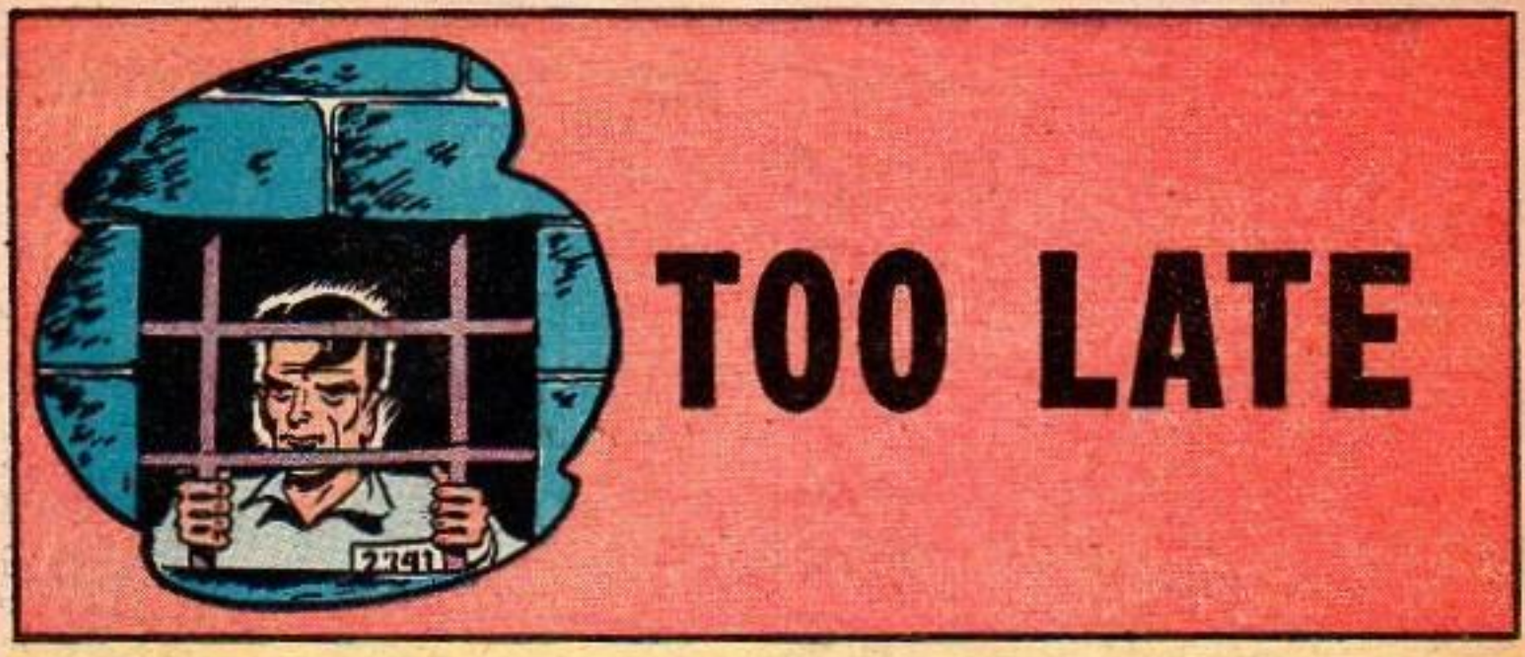
The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 369 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And think of it!— the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



TOO LATE

SLIM lay on his bunk in his cell, clasped his hands behind his head, and gazed reflectively at the ceiling. An hour until lights out.

Five years it had taken him. Five years of back breaking work in his few moments of spare time. First he stole a spoon, then a knife . . . and he worked carefully. The stone came out easily, but it took him a long time to figure out what to do with the dirt. He finally decided to carry it in his pocket a spoonful at a time and dump it in the furnaces when the guards were not looking.

As he worked, the first spoon and knife wore out and he stole another set . . . and another . . . and now after five years it was over. Finished. He turned his head and looked across the cell, down towards the floor, under the other empty bunk—that was where the pivoting stone was carefully concealed. When the right night came he would make the break. The stone would swing inward, and he would crawl into the tunnel. From there to the old sewer, and then down to the river. And across to freedom. He sighed.

Then he heard the guards coming down the hall. They stopped at his cell door. The door clanged open, and a man was pushed roughly inside.

Slim lifted himself on one elbow and looked at the man. Immediately, he knew that he didn't like him. He was big—almost six feet tall . . . and fat . . . and his mean little eyes squinted under shaggy, black eyebrows. His cheeks were flabby and hung loosely on his face. He had a nasty look about him that Slim didn't like.

"Whatsa matter?" the man growled. "Aintcha never seen me before? My name's Turk . . . I been in all the papers lately. 'Killer' Turk, they call me."

"We don't get no papers in here," Slim rasped. "Ya might as well forget all that now."

"Yeah? Well, I ain't stayin' in here. There ain't no jail big or strong enough to hold me. I'm gettin' outa here!"

That was when Slim started to hate Turk. And the feeling was mutual. They both hated each other with a grim intensity that was a little ridiculous . . . especially since they were cell mates.

Slim felt that Turk had no right to intrude on his little party. Now he would have to bide his time and wait until he could make the break without Turk. Slim didn't trust him, because a man who turned in another convict for an attempted break was certain to get his own time slashed — maybe even a parole out of the deal. It wasn't fair of Turk to think he could escape so soon . . . not when it had taken Slim five long years to get even this far . . .

So Slim lay on his bunk night after night, waiting for the right time. And his hatred of Turk grew and grew until finally he felt that he could bear it no longer. Then one night the situation came to a breaking point.

Slim came back to the cell block later than usual. He had been on a special detail in the furnace room. When the door shut behind him and he turned to face Turk, he knew something was wrong.

Turk was sitting on his bunk, smoking a cigarette . . . a sly smile on his fast, pasty face. He stood up, his smile hardening, "Pretty slick, aintcha? All ready for a break, and ya wasn't gonna tell me, was ya?" Turk advanced toward Slim, his mouth twisted in a snarl, his eyes gleaming hatred.

"Wait a minute, Turk," Slim said, crouching back against the wall.

"'*Wait* a minute!' For what! I gave the cell a goin' over while you was gone, an' I accidentally found that little stone door of yours. The one you was gonna use to make a break without tellin' me. How come you didn't gimme an in? You knew how bad I wanted to get out!"

Turk reached forward and grabbed Slim by the collar of his rough uniform and pulled him close. He shook him. Then he threw Slim against the wall. Slim hit, and slumped down, his eyes on Turk's face. Hatred and terror were there as he watched the bigger man.

"I'm goin' with ya when ya go!" Turked snarled. "Don't

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forget it. And in case ya do—," he reached back and pulled a knife from beneath his mattress and waved it close under Slim's nose.

Slim nodded, his eyes wide at sight of the knife. "Okay, Turk, okay. You can go. When the right time comes, we'll go together. Sure. Put the knife away . . ."

Turk moved the knife. "When's it gonna be? Soon? I'm gettin' tired of this place an' I crave fresh air!"

"It'll be soon, Turk, soon. The night's gotta be just right . . . rain . . . storm . . . you know."

"Okay, bur don't forget," Turk growled.

No, I won't forget, Slim thought as he lay on the bunk. He smiled to himself. A slow deadly sort of smile. *It'll have to be soon.* I can't take a chance on Turk any longer. He might spill the works.

Two nights later it rained. Turk was on edge, nervous, when Slim got to the cell.

"This is it, ain't it?" Turk asked anxiously. "This is what we been waitin' for. Tonight's the night, ain't it?"

"Yeah," Slim said, "tonight's the night. We'll wait an hour or two until everybody settles down . . . then we'll go."

They sat there, on opposite sides of the cell, waiting. Turk was watching Slim intently. Slim smiled, looking at the silhouette of the bigger man. This was it. Slim stood up.

"Let's go," he said.

Turk threw his cigarette on the floor and ground it out under his heel. "Okay."

Slim crossed the cell, knelt under Turk's bunk and pushed. The stone block swung easily. Slim stood back for Turk to go through.

"Nothin' doin'," Turk growled, "you first. I ain't gettin' in there an' havin' you call for help. You first." He motioned with his hand and Slim saw a glint as the knife moved toward him.

"Sure, Turk," Slim smiled to himself as he slid into the narrow opening. He moved a few feet and waited for Turk to force his big body through. Finally he made it, and lay in the tunnel, panting.

"Swing the block shut," Slim said.

Then, as Turk pushed the stone back into place, Slim began to crawl rapidly, squirming along the damp, raw earth. He could hear Turk behind him. In a few moments they reached the sewer that led into the river. Slim broke through into the round pipe and felt himself in water. Turk followed him and crawled along.

Then they came to a turn and Slim wriggled through quickly and moved on for about ten feet. He could hear Turk gasp as he forced his way. There was a curse . . . a groan . . . and silence for a moment. Then, "Hey, Slim . . ."

But Slim was on his way, crawling rapidly in the foul smelling water. He couldn't hear Turk any longer...the gurgling of the water drowned his calls. He broke into the open along the river bank, outside the walls . . .

Three hours later the river patrol picked up Slim as he was crossing the river, but he wasn't too unhappy. There'd be other times he could make his break.

He thought of Turk and smiled to himself. That bend in the sewer was a ninety degree turn, and the sewer from there on was only three feet in diameter. Turk was almost four feet thick across the middle. He could crawl along slowly in a straight line all right, but when he tried to make that turn . . .

Slim had figured on that all along. He alone knew of the turn in the sewer, but nobody could ever prove he knew about it. He was safe, absolutely safe.

And the backwash of the river tide would be coming up the sewer soon. Turk was caught in the bend—he couldn't go forward, and he couldn't move back. It would be too late when they found him . . . much too late . . .

THE END SL-2558

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Marvel Mystery Comics published Quarterly at Meriden, Conn. for October 1, 1947.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Marvel Mystery Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Marvel Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1947.

(SEAL) SYLVIA PIKOEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

BLONDE PHANTOM
"STAGED FOR MURDER!"
HERE IS A STORY OF A HORRIBLE MURDER PLOT THAT WAS MEANT TO TAKE PLACE ON A THEATRE STAGE, BUT INSTEAD BECAME THE CAUSE OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S SUDDEN DEATH, AND INVOLVED ANOTHER BEAUTY IN A SENSATIONAL MURDER ACCUSATION! IT ALL STARTED ONE DAY IN THE OFFICE OF MARK MASON, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, FOR WHOM I WORK AS PLAIN LOUISE GRANT. OF COURSE, MARK NEVER DREAMS THAT I, HIS PRIM SECRETARY, AM IN REALITY THE BLONDE PHANTOM WHO HAS AIDED HIM IN THE SOLUTION OF MANY CRIME CASES!
2045

NOON TIME, IN THE OFFICE OF MARK MASON, PRIVATE DETECTIVE...
GO TO LUNCH, LOUISE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE LETTERS LATER!
OKAY, MARK!

SOON...
HMMM, A NEW RESTAURANT! THINK I'LL TRY IT OUT FOR LUNCH!
CLUB '86'

RESTAURANT "86" HAS A DISTINCTIVE REPUTATION- THE CHOICEST FOOD, THE JUICIEST GOSSIP AND PROBABLY THE WORLD'S MOST OUTRAGEOUS PRICES...
JUST ONE, MISS?
PLEASE... ER, YES!
OH DEAR- THESE PRICES!
VINCENT, WE MUST GET MILLICENT OUT OF THE WAY! WHAT'S MORE, THE MURDER IS ALL WRONG!
THE IMPORTANT THING IS ESTABLISHING AN ALIBI FOR THE KILLER!
NOTHING OF THE SORT!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE! YOU SIMPLY DON'T UNDERSTAND ART OR CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY- OR ME!
BUT, DARLING, BE REASONABLE! WE'VE WRITTEN A GOOD PLAY...
IT'S A BRILLIANT TRAGEDY- BUT SPOILED BY TWO THINGS...
I KNOW- I KNOW! MILLICENT IS WRONG FOR THE LEAD, AND THE MURDER SCENE IS FROM HUNGER!
SUPPOSE YOU FIGURE IT OUT... ANOTHER MURDER AND A WAY TO GET MILLICENT OUT- AND STILL KEEP HER MONEY IN THE PRODUCTION!
VINCENT, PLEASE!
I'M THROUGH!
OHHH...
2

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, MISS!
HERE, LET ME HELP!
AT THAT, I'M LUCKY! THE CLEANING BILL WON'T BE NEARLY AS EXPENSIVE AS LUNCH AT "86"!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE POWDER ROOM...
I'M SORRY ABOUT VINCENT! HE'S... WELL, THE TEMPERAMENTAL PLAYWRIGHT!
JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, YOUR VINCENT IS A LIFESAVER! AND SINCE ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER...
HERE'S THE CARD OF MY BOSS, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, MARK MASON! HE NOT ONLY READS MYSTERIES, BUT HE SOLVES THEM IN REAL LIFE!
JUST WHAT THE PLAY NEEDS— THE AUTHENTIC TOUCH BY AN EXPERT ON MURDER!
HE'S IN THE OFFICE RIGHT NOW! WISH I COULD INTRODUCE YOU, BUT I DO HAVE AN ERRAND TO RUN!
SEE YOU LATER, PERHAPS—WITH AT LEAST ONE OF OUR THEATRICAL PROBLEMS SOLVED!
SHORTLY...
I ALWAYS DID WANT TO TRY MY HAND AT PLOTTING A WHODUNNIT PLAY... AS THE BLONDE PHANTOM, OF COURSE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MISS SCOTT! THE MURDER YOU'RE USING IS TOO COMPLICATED!
MARK MASON
FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, I THINK SO TOO! THE PLAY NEEDS SOMETHING SIMPLE AND NEAT!
WELL, WELL! THIS IS LUCK FOR THE AMERICAN THEATRE!
THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
3

HERE'S MY IDEA... THE KILLER IS A GUEST AT A HOUSE PARTY! HE HATES THE HOSTESS, AND SEVERAL PEOPLE KNOW HE HATES HER! AND YET, WATCHING HIS CHANCE, HE GETS HER ALONE IN THE LIBRARY...
HE SHOOTS THE HOSTESS WITH A STOLEN AUTOMATIC! THE GUN IS SILENCED...
BUT UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES LIKE THAT, HE'LL HAVE TO HAVE AN AIRTIGHT ALIBI TO STAY OUT OF THE CHAIR!
HE DOES HAVE AN ALIBI... A RECORDING OF THE WOMAN'S VOICE! AT THE END OF THE RECORD COMES THE SOUND OF A SHOT! AND BY THE TIME THE VICTIM'S VOICE REACHES THE PEAK OF ANGER AND THE SHOT IS HEARD, THE KILLER IS SEEN WITH THE REST OF THE GUESTS!
IT FITS PERFECTLY! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS REWRITE ONE SCENE! IT'S WONDERFUL!
PUT THAT MONEY AWAY, MISS SCOTT! BLONDE PHANTOM AND I ARE BOTH HAVING THE TIME OF OUR LIVES KIBITZING ON THE PLOT!
YOU MIGHT SEND US A PAIR OF TICKETS THOUGH, WHEN THE SHOW OPENS!
IT'LL OPEN AND FLOP IF I DON'T TALK THE GLAMOROUS AND DUMB MILLICENT GILES OUT OF PLAYING THE LEAD!
BOTH VINCENT AND I KNOW SHE CAN'T ACT, BLONDE PHANTOM! BUT I'M AFRAID VINCENT HAS GOTTEN TO BE RATHER FOND OF HER!
OF HER, OR HER MONEY?
4

I DON'T REALLY KNOW! AS LONG AS I'VE WORKED AND WRITTEN WITH HIM, I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND WHAT MAKES HIM TICK!
YOU LIKE HIM PRETTY WELL YOURSELF, DON'T YOU?
I GUESS I DO! WE'VE HAD A TOUGH TIME TOGETHER, CLIMBING UP THE LADDER TOWARD WRITING FAME!
COME ON, THEN! LET'S TRY IT! WE'LL BOTH TALK TO GLAMOR GIRL, GILES!
AND SOON...
REALLY, MISS SCOTT! ISN'T THIS A BIT OF FEMALE JEALOUSY? FIRST, YOU WANT TO SPOIL VINCENT'S PLAY WITH A RIDICULOUS SCENE OF YOUR OWN...
AND NOW, I WANT A FIRST-RATE ACTRESS TO PLAY THE LEAD? YOU BET I DO!
PERHAPS A SUPPORTING ROLE MIGHT BE A LITTLE BETTER, MISS GILES — UNTIL YOU'VE HAD SOME STAGE EXPERIENCE!
REALLY! I MUST ASK YOU TO LEAVE!
OH! MY RUBY EARRING — IT'S GONE! SEARCH THEM, VINCENT!
COME NOW, MILLICENT! NONE OF MY FRIENDS ARE THIEVES... I'LL HELP YOU LOOK FOR IT!
NICE GIRL!
SHE MAKES ME FURIOUS... I COULD KILL HER!
I WISH I COULD HELP, MISS SCOTT — SOME WAY BESIDES PLOTTING A MURDER FOR A PLAY!
I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING, BLONDE PHANTOM! I'VE GOT TO!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE "MOROCCO", WHERE "MURDER ON RECORD" HAS ALREADY GONE INTO REHEARSAL...
IT'S TOO LATE, JACKIE... MILLICENT PLAYS THE LEAD, AND THE MURDER SCENE STAYS THE WAY IT WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN!
THEN WE'RE BOTH SUNK, VINCE, UNLESS GLAMOR GIRL SUDDENLY DIES!
IT WAS A MISTAKE, BILL—A MAN OF MY TALENTS NEVER SHOULD HAVE TEAMED WITH A FEMALE WRITER!
LET'S GET TO WORK AND HOPE THAT OTHER FEMALE MISTAKE OF YOURS LEARNS SOMETHING FROM THE RECORD OF HER OWN VOICE!
ALL RIGHT, MILLICENT, BEGIN WITH THE BIG SCENE, AND TALK INTO THE MIKE!
MY EARRING! WHAT'S IT DOING ON THIS RECORDING MACHINE?
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF MARK MASON...
FLASH! POLICE ARE STILL MYSTIFIED BY THE SENSATIONAL DEATH OF SOCIALITE-ACTRESS, MILLICENT GILES! WANTED FOR QUESTIONING IS PLAYWRIGHT, JACKIE SCOTT!
YOU SEE? THEY THINK I PLANNED IT!
THE POLICE KNOW I HAD REASON TO KILL HER... AND I COULD HAVE PUT A BOMB IN HER DRESSING ROOM AS EASILY AS ANYONE ELSE!
YOU'D BETTER GIVE YOURSELF UP TO THE POLICE!

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE FATEFUL DRESSING ROOM OF THE MOROCCO THEATRE...
THERE IT IS! IF THERE WAS ANY CLUE, IT WAS BLOWN SKY HIGH WHEN THE BOMB WENT OFF! ALL WE HAVE TO GO ON IS THE SCOTT GIRL'S MOTIVE!
AND WE DO KNOW A RECORD PLAYER WAS SUGGESTED TO HER YESTERDAY AS PART OF A MURDER PLAN! AS NEARLY AS WE CAN FIGURE, THE BOMB WAS PLANTED IN THE PHONOGRAPH, WHICH ACTED AS A KIND OF BOOBY TRAP!
INCREDIBLE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, EVEN THOUGH JACKIE AND MILLICENT WERE RIVALS FOR MY AFFECTION!
OF COURSE, JACKIE DID USE MILLICENT'S DRESSING ROOM ALONE THIS MORNING!
THAT PUZZLED US TOO! WE SEARCHED THE ROOM FOR THE OTHER EARRING, BUT NOT A TRACE!
IF THE BOMB WAS PLANTED IN THE PHONOGRAPH, IT'S LIKELY THAT THE KILLER WOULD HAVE MADE SURE THAT THE RIGHT PERSON SET IT OFF!
THE BOMB THEN, WAS PROBABLY NOT HOOKED TO THE PLAYING APPARATUS ITSELF— BUT TO SOMETHING PERSONAL OF MILLICENT'S— THE EARRING!
STRANGE! ONE EARRING CLUTCHED IN HER HAND! JUST ONE EARRING!
MARK, THE MURDERER OF THE GILES GIRL IS LINKED TO THIS EARRING! AND I HAVE AN IDEA THE CONNECTION LIES IN THE DEAD WOMAN'S APARTMENT, WHERE I'M GOING RIGHT NOW!
SPLENDID! I HAD NO IDEA DETECTIVE WORK WAS SO SIMPLE!
WHAT DO YOU REALLY EXPECT TO FIND, BLONDE PHANTOM?
PROFESSIONAL SECRET! COME ALONG, THOUGH, IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE A FEMALE SLEUTH AT HER DEDUCTIVE BEST!
7

WISH I DID HAVE THE TIME TO RUN UP TO MILLICENT'S WITH YOU! SO TERRIBLY BUSY, THOUGH! I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE REPORT RIGHT HERE!
ANOTHER HALF HOUR, VINCENT, AND THE LAST ACT CURTAIN WILL BE DRAWN ON MILLICENT'S MURDERER!
AND HALF AN HOUR LATER, ALMOST TO THE MINUTE, IN THE APARTMENT OF MILLICENT GILES...
HELLO, MARK... YES, I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! TELL THE BOYS TO ARREST...
CLICK
PUT IT DOWN! SURE I KILLED MILLICENT! SHE WAS BLACKMAILING ME FOR A PRISON "STRETCH" I SERVED A LONG TIME AGO! SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW ABOUT IT!
THE GREAT PLAYWRIGHT HIMSELF!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BEAUTIFUL!
YOU FELL INTO THE TRAP, MR. EGOTIST!
I COULDN'T PROVE—UNTIL RIGHT NOW—THAT YOU KILLED MILLICENT! YOUR CONFESSION, HOWEVER...
OWW!
GOOD THING YOU UNDERSTOOD MY SIGNALS, MARK!
PERSONALLY, I'VE GOT GREY HAIRS... EVEN IF YOUR RECIPE FOR CATCHING KILLERS DOES WORK!
A NUMBER OF WEEKS LATER, OUTSIDE THE MOROCCO THEATRE...
IT'S BOUND TO BE A HIT, JACKIE!
AND WE DO OWE SOMETHING TO VINCENT FOR THE FINISHED PRODUCT!
YES, HE PROVIDED A CONVINCING ENDING FOR YOUR PLAY, AS ONLY A REAL CRIMINAL CAN!
8
THE END

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